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The Quiver

Aphorisms Wise and Other Wise

THE QUIVER

APHORISMS WISE AND
OTHER WISE

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VIDE ET CREDE

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APHORISMS WISE AND OTHER WISE

CHAPTER I.

No clouds we make through selfish acts
Have silver lining on their backs.

The deed deferred by good intent,
Is never worth a copper cent.

God's house is that one sacred spot,
Where sin and sorrow have no lot.

The idle soul that dreams of bliss,
Hath felt the touch of Lethe's kiss.

Some women's nerves are strong or weak,
According to the things they seek.

With pancakes hot, the means are nigh,
To make the lovely butterfly.

Be patient with your erring friend,
We all need help, our faults to mend.

When daisies bloom o'er mother's breast,
How can she know who loved her best?

When men and women cease to play,
Their charms and beauty soon decay.

Unwelcome blessings of today,
May not again invade your way.

Boiled coffee, you can always tell,
Because it has an old sock smell.

With jockeys never trade a beast;
They'll beat you two to one at least.

The worldly mind, with moral taint,
Knows not a rakehell from a saint.

Your boy is like a firey colt;
He needs a pet, and then a jolt.

From faith and love you surely win,
No more nor less than you put in.

In Junebug time, the urchin's glee,
Is with a string to junebug's knee.

The road most traveled you should know,
May lead where you would hate to go.

You came into this world with naught;
You'll take away just what you brought.

How would you like a serum sure,
For impecunious germ cure?

The bloody zeal that burns a witch,
Is blacker than hell's blackest pitch.

Sweet patience wins, and never fails,
While anger struts, swells and rails.

Tomorrow is a paradise,
Where knaves are good, and fools are wise.

The pride of strength is fickle boast,
For one whose years are few at most.

As much as life resembles dust,
So much does love resemble lust.

No matter what the tribe or race,
Kind hearts you find in every place.

The Gospel needs no ruffian's speech,
The hearts of thoughtful men to reach.

The Master's words were strong and plain,
But never with a vulgar stain.

CHAPTER II.

The pot may call the kettle black,
But that gives neither what they lack.

The humble life is that sane state,
Where th' good are happier than the great.

To strike your solar plexus hard,
Eat everything well fried in lard.

Sometimes, the boasted convert proud,
Is just a pervert with the crowd.

There is no great; there is no small,
To sway the Father of us all.

Young man, that girl you think so sweet,
Must also have some bread and meat.

Don't tell the Lord what He should do,
He likely knows as well as you.

Our solons poor at making laws,
Divert the fact by shaking paws.

To die for love may seem the best,
But living for it is the test.

Men say that Eve was first to sin,
And ever since have rubbed it in.

The overalls, with grease and dirt,
Excell the dandy's spotless shirt.

No critic ever lived or died,
Who had all truth upon his side.

If all were rich, and all were proud,
Then who would serve the nasty crowd

When fire is cold, and ice is hot,
A woman's love will save a sot.

The lie of Ananias lives,
A warning to each soul that gives.

Jack Windy knows just how to run,
All kinds of business but his own.

You think your friend must still be true,
No matter what you say or do.

Determination to succeed,
Is every soul's essential need.

All wisdom and all earthly skill,
Are wasted on a feeble will.

A church is not a place to snub,
Nor is God's house a "howdy club."

The hardest work we ever knew,
Is shunning duties we should do.

A bitter tongue is not discreet,
And often runs into deceit.

The milk of human kindness sours,
Where base ingrattitude cowers.

If homes should turn to clearest glass,
What would we do when people pass?

The grace of God your soul doth need,
Far more than dress, and drink, and feed.

Oh, why not seek the best in life,
And shun the things not worth the strife.

CHAPTER III.

The breath of selfishness bedims
Truth's mirror with poor human whims.

As restless as the wing of time,
The gossip's tongue emits its slime.

To criticise in lofty strain,
Bodes not of kindness or of brain.

The braying of an ass just shows,
The mental weight of what he knows.

To love a friend is nature's call,
To bless a foe is nature's gall.

Some think they love the Lord quite well,
Because they fear the pains of hell.

The human hog alone will "kick,"
And gorge himself with food when sick.

The sinner twists a thousand ways,
To shun the audit of his days.

When was the strident voice of man,
The voice of God since time began?

Blame not the man for reason's wreck,
Whose mouth but opens in his neck.

If daddy trots and mammy too,
Think not the colt will pacing do.

What trifles sway the human mind,
In giving sight or making blind.

To make a luxury of grief,
Some people find a great relief.

In every path that man hath trod,
Old Mammon is a first class God;

He seems to have the right of way,
With little change and no decay.

Think not an everlasting grin,
Will heal a trouble or a sin.

Our social life has much of fraud,
Divorced from truth and love of God.

Some men are wounded thro' their pride,
And others only thro' their hide.

To rob the home of joy and peace,
Let wagging tongues forget to cease.

The love of peace tho' great and strong,
Can never crush the monster wrong.

Forgiveness for yourself you'll find,
Comes not to unforgiving mind.

The man with soul as black as night,
May find at last some ray of light.

Without an Eve this world would shrink,
Until we'd roll o'er ruin's brink.

CHAPTER IV.

My son, those who the rest cure take,
The more they rest, the more they ache.

The nation's peace we must regard,
When not the peace of the graveyard.

When lost in all this moral fog,
Just listen to the Decalogue.

To cash the sins of foolish men,
The lawyer labors in his den.

If quacks were wise as they pretend,
Disease and death would quickly end.

Great guns a victory may win,
But never shoot the black from sin.

A robber bold and heartless too,
Is he who puts the false for true.

If playing cards is mortal sin,
How could Saint Peter let you in?

Not all the tears at sorrow's bier,
Proclaim a grief profound, sincere.

When with'ring age the body dries,
The soul should see with clearer eyes.

If every word you ever said,
Was written down, how would it read?

An empty head, and padded purse,
Could fate arrange the matter worse?

The rich man's war; the poor man's fight;
The devil works with all his might.

My son, beware of drugs that seem to cheer,
They lead to darkness and dispair.

There are no easy roads to life;
Each upward step is one of strife.

Judge not a faith its traitors by,
Nor any creed by any lie.

"It might have been, alas! alas!"
Is but the cry of each poor ass;

He went the road he knew was wrong,
And now he sings this dead man's song.

A vulgar man is like a beast,
Of self respect he knows the least.

When women scold and men complain,
There's nothing but disgust and pain.

In stopping waste and much expense,
Don't fail to burn your neighbor's fence.

When chicken's fail to roost at home,
There's some excuse to make them roam.

Amidst the wreck of thrones and crowns,
Is ever heard the voice of clowns.

CHAPTER V.

If hypocrites we wish to stone,
'Tis when their deeds are like our own.

How much abuse some men endure,
To make a little graft secure.

The poorest little home may share,
True love and God's most tender care.

Just eat, and eat, until you pop,
And then go hunt a doctor's shop.

An aching tooth! but don't it hurt,
And bring the lofty to the dirt?

"The barroom is the poorman's club,"
And where loafs she who cooks his grub?

Just turn the joke the joker on;
The heathen pest will then be gone.

We're all so full of good advice,
We have no time to be real nice.

The social screamers shout so long,
We've lost the title of their song.

Be not obsess'd with "bargain trade,"
Therein the dealer's trick is laid;

If you have won a prize at cost,
The seller or the buyer lost.

To break a dog from sucking eggs,
Just hang him up by his four legs;

And thus suspended in the air,
He'll suck no more while hanging there.

The young at time and reason scoff;
They wish to start where dad left off.

To say that man is only dirt,
Means he is hardly worth a shirt.

It does seem strange, yet very clear,
That tetanus evades the fair.

Boys suffer from the wiggle worm,
And little girls the giggle germ.

To eat without an appetite,
Is certain trouble to invite.

If every man was straight and true,
The courts would have no work to do.

You cannot teach a child the right,
With always faults your own in sight.

The drone in summer gaily sings,
But winter's breath will clip his wings.

For mischief and for hopeless gloom,
Some useful work will leave no room.

For stinginess that kills the soul,
Give more, don't wait until your told.

What are your vain regrets today,
That wishing will not drive away?

Should modern birth control succeed,
Deucalion—and Pyrrah we'll need! 1

What claim to Easter can they show,
Who shunned the Lord in fast and woe?

If you the wish of Midas had,
Your ears would make you very sad.

Note 1—The only human pair that survived the deluge. In obedience to an oracle, they threw stones behind them, from which sprung up a new race of men and women. —Class Myth.

CHAPTER VI.

The great Dead Sea, without a doubt,
Has died from letting nothing out.

Some men will waste a dollar bill,
To obviate a penny's ill.

Our faults are like our body's skin,
To peel it off would hurt within.

That soul doth stumble in the dark,
Who thinks the Cross a dollar mark.

The middle class, it may be said,
Is every nation's strength and bread.

In choosing things of precious worth,
Some trade their heaven for the earth.

Amusement is the crying rage,
And not the light of wisdom's page.

Where unbelief its thousands damn,
Sad misbelief its millions cram.

Condense all nasty odors ripe,
They could not equal that old pipe.

My son, the gay young sport you meet,
Has graduated from the street.

And never seek, but ever shirk,
The girl too soft and frail to work.

The strongest bricks within the kiln,
Are those the fiercest heat did fill,

And those that miss'd the fire's force,
Are soft and useless clay, of course.

The plough horse on the racer's track,
Can start on time, but ne'er come back.

Far sounds the voice from Peter's dome,
And yet, 'tis scarcely heard at home.

The idle poor increase their need,
The idle rich but mischief breed.

How proudly some men "tip" the Lord,
And thus bestow a great reward!

The latest minus reason creed,
Is selfishness just gone to seed.

'Tis easier far, to fast and pray,
Than change thy selfish sinful way.

The weeds of sorrow freely grow,
Let not thy tears upon them flow.

When mem'ry feeds the soul remorse,
We trace our motives to their source.

There is no truth tho' grand and plain,
That hath not met with vile disdain.

The thorns that grow along thy way,
Should only hasten, not delay.

No record deeper writes thy gain,
Than bravely conquer'd strife and pain.

A goat may have but little sense,
Yet knows which end is for defense.

My son, the future may be thine,
Yet hungry men have failed to dine.

CHAPTER VII

The simple life may seem too slow.
But that's the route the wise ones go.

How many men are strong and brave,
Until they meet temptation's wave.

If wishes would your labor do,
The hardest job would soon be thro'.

Without a big old devil black,
Some people's sins would break their back.

This thing began in Eden's day,
When wise old Eve first led the way.

'Tis not our needs that make us fret;
'Tis what we want and cannot get.

If all the churches were but one,
Oh, where would be the little gun?

To shut your eyes and pray for light,
Just means you've lost your moral sight.

The rich are often very poor,
Because they ever cry for more.

The poor are often rich in peace,
And purest joy that will not cease.

A hell to men is that sad state,
In which the truth is known too late.

The man who wins through lying art,
May see the same upset his cart.

Through sacrifice love wins its way,
Nor heeds the price it has to pay.

If mothers all their mission knew,
Our race would soon be born anew.

Oh, what's the use to scowl and scold,
At any fashion, new or old?

With eyes like two boiled eggs peeled,
Theosophy can read the sealed.

A coffin scares some people blue,
But does not change the things they do.

To live in vain and shallow things,
Will end in sharp, regretful stings.

'Tis not your faith that's crucified,
'Tis nothing but your human pride.

The wasted wealth in useless things,
Would wipe out want with all its stings.

What trifles feed our vain conceit,
And make our self esteem complete.

Lost blessings like death bed regrets,
Repair no wrongs, and pay no debts.

CHAPTER VIII

A trifle light as thistle down,
May wreck a throne or win a crown.

Thus spake the Master to his band;
"The house divided cannot stand."

A bird that never leaves the nest,
Learns not to fly and do its best.

Just build a sect and make it rich,
And pride will lead it to the ditch.

If all the liars' tongues were slit,
Despair would reign in Satan's pit.

The student seeking jolly times,
Gets nothing for his daddy's dimes.

Vile graft with loathsome lust and lies
Would steal the coin from dead men's eyes.

My son, where thoughts profane out crop,
Observe, the skull is flat on top.

In every path a Lazarus lies,
Through him the gentle Master cries.

O, woman, good, and brave and nice!
Why will you flee from little mice?

The drunkard drinks his life away,
And wonders why his hopes decay.

If devils are a myth of thought,
Who does the work that devils ought?

'Tis easier much a fault to mend,
Than every day that fault defend.

A quiet conscience may be dead,
And thus false peace and hope are fed.

A mighty big strong man it takes,
To shoulder all his own mistakes.

Some men were evil all their lives,
And gladly mourn'd by weary wives.

The one who does the best he can,
Stands far above the average man.

Some bootless sage hath truly said:
No woman and the church is dead.

Without the men, we rise to say,
The jails and "pens" would pass away.

No wrong can be forgiven quite,
As long as kept in mem'ry's sight.

The clothes of mother Eve were few,
And yet, she had enough to do.

When feeling very vain, 'tis said,
The peacock struts with tail all spread;

But when his ugly feet he sees,
He drops his tail and wildly flees.

And if some girls with skirts so tight,
Could see their feet they'd take to flight.

CHAPTER IX.

Great brains afoot one often sees,
While human beef rides by in ease.

Those musty sins you've hid away,
May come to light some future day.

Delilah Sampson's love did share,
Then put the sissors in his hair.

The bud within its sweetness seals;
The open rose its wealth reveals.

A good man's fall more credence gets,
Than ten's true reformation nets.

Suppose, some time, your boy should say,
I never saw my mother pray?

Suppose, the tempter finds him weak,
Whose father scorn'd a faith to seek?

I tell you of a solemn truth,
You're more to blame than that poor youth.

As worldly things engulf the mind,
The path of life grows hard to find.

If every Christian fought like you,
When would we like the devil through?

We're all a sorry lot at best,
And shrink from truth's keen acid test.

The scientific sage of course,
Well knows that life alone is force;

This force when gone is just the same
Decarnate shape before it came.

Sectarian pseudo blepsis,
Is every biggot's source of bliss.

Without good faith in God and man,
Your life is but a worthless plan.

If evil thoughts dwell in your brain,
Their dirty tracks will there remain.

When love thy way doth mar with spats,
Consult the stars and Thomas cats;

While doing this in thought sincere,
A wiser way may then appear.

A faith that you have never tried,
Its merits you must not deride.

Religion you may cast away,
And seek it vainly some dark day.

If death doth end the soul's career,
What have we left to guide or cheer?

A lazy man's excuse is made,
In every shape and every shade.

A woman's love may last for aye,
And yet, alas! may change today.

The man who loafs and talks all day,
Had better die, or move away.

CHAPTER X.

The world's dank love cannot be had,
By those who preach the world is bad.

Much mischief in this world is wrought
By teachers who were never taught.

We love the man who stands erect,
And never loses self-respect.

Utilities for public use,
Are all approved by vile abuse.

Some men have grown so proud and hard,
They think the world is their backyard.

A crank is one among the few,
Who dares to disagree with you.

In wrecks along life's path we find,
Abortions of the selfish mind.

The dear old maids, how they aspire,
To show our faults and poke the fire.

Te speak the truth with harsh conceit,
No man's respect will ever meet.

A loafer's home is a retreat,
Where he may go to sleep and eat.

Time writes his record on thy face;
It may be sad, but no digrace.

To have the final word seems smart;
And often leaves an aching heart.

Plain food, we know, good health promotes;
This does not mean to live on oats.

How deceitful, and how sad eyed,
Is poverty with lofty pride.

No modern saint a halo wears,
His brow is wreated with worldly cares.

To rid your place of all the rats,
Get seventeen big Thomas cats,

And put them in an iron pen,
Then catch the rats and throw them in.

A learned man may change his mind;
A fool does nothing of the kind.

True meekness is a gracious trait,
That never smiles from fashion plate.

Horse sense is simple as its old,
And means, just do as you are told.

The kitchen often makes the gloom,
That chills and fills the drawing room.

For strength of waist and supple leg,
To walk will always beat the nag.

If many broils you wish to shun,
Talk less before they are begun.

If want you fear, then shun all waste,
Whose train of woes come on in hhste.

To keep your mind just bright and keen
Think only of the good and clean.

The lovely Balder met no foe, 2
'Till Loki came with mistletoe.

Note 2—Norse Mythology, the god of light and peace, surnamed the "beautiful and good." He was slain by the evil Loki, with a branch of mistletoe, the only thing in creation which had not taken an oath to do him no harm.

CHAPTER XI.

The cruel man is hellward bent,
All evil aids his sure decent.

Just like a pea within a pod,
Some dormant souls await the sod;

And there they hope the good to gain
They treated here with cold disdain.

The sages all are well agreed,
That imbeciles can have no creed.

There is no piety in dirt,
And soap and water never hurt.

The sweet perfume of sacrifice,
Than selfishness is blessed thrice.

Life struggles with its mortal chain,
Then brakes a link and ends its pain.

To church old Hardcase never goes,
Uutil at last with upturned toes.

Poor scientific fools are they,
Who seek the source of life in clay.

All tyrants have a timid mind;
The brave alone are truly kind.

The tears of pain that wash your eyes,
May clear the way for brighter skies.

Good works far more of love reveal
Than pious talk or lowly kneel.

Let self-control thy being sway,
And peace shall crown thy closing day.

The miser hoards the spendthrift's waste,
Their sin the same, with dif'ring taste.

The meanest man would not deny
That truth is better than a lie.

All family strife is hard to soothe,
Like chronic wrinkles will not smoothe.

Live up to love while love is nigh;
The time may come when love will die.

Think not that wind to wisdom turns,
Or gabbling goose with knowledge burns.

The man who boasts of holy life
Is playing on the devil's fife.

In keeping Lent put self away,
If you would have an Easter day.

The strife of sects the devils love;
They make a noise not heard above.

With pleasure knowledge you may gain,
But self-control is won through pain.

We never feel our losses weight,
Until the knowledge comes too late.

To make your lungs both large and strong,
Breathe deeply and the breath prolong.

CHAPTER XII.

Some folk are stubborn as a mule,
And act just like a dunce at school.

Some day you'll find your fondest trust
In earthly things, a heap of dust

How many, if the truth was told,
For love, would gladly give their gold.

No perfect peace can here be found,
This world is all a battle ground.

If holy water Satan hates,
Then holy water higher rates.

Some people marry in such haste,
They soon find time enough to waste.

My son don't rouse yourself too late,
To wish you'd gone another gait.

The man who's always on the fence,
Has lost his grip on moral sense.

A written law he writes in blood,
Who kills and rends the law of God.

A cure for all the brain storm'd crew,
Is life long stripes and work to do.

If gloomy death you could escape,
On whom then would you hang your crape?

A pious life doth preach so loud,
Its voice is heard in any crowd.

A zeal its mission may forget,
And naught, but bigotry beget.

If all your woes were counted up,
You'd find them down in mercy's cup.

Thy neighbor may a "lobster" be,
And justly think the same of thee.

The pride of sect must pass away,
The shroud that folds it bodes decay.

Decay removes all life's refuse;
Displacing that we cannot use.

Where preaching's dull and slow of pace,
The hearer needs a lot of grace.

The liar boasts of truthful traits,
And thus a deeper doubt creates.

A Judas will, with pleasure join,
Just any band that has the coin.

For many ills there is no cure,
Yet fortitude may all endure.

Eat ripe sour kraut forliver pains,
And bilious blues and nervous strains.

The left hand doles its gifts with care,
The right hand makes the trumpet blare.

CHAPTER XIII.

The frozen church so calmly rests,
Her deadness needs no trumpet tests.

My son go watch the honey bee,
And let her wisdom stay with thee.

When stings of conscience make you quake,
Their wholesome warning you should take.

On every hand, pale, sickly need,
Walks in the steps of florid greed.

When heads are soft and hearts are hard,
The time is ripe to be on guard.

She wades the snow, and mud and sleet,
To dance, or club or friend to meet;

But when the sky with clouds is black,
Her zeal for church is rather slack.

A woman's beauty never dies,
While love's pure flame doth light her eyes.

With all his science what is man?
A cricket in a frying pan.

At home have this injunction filed;
"But once a man and twice a child."

'Tis always he who does the least,
Who growls the most and spoils the feast.

You'll find in church and in the state,
The doubting Thomas never late.

Great men there are so wise and deep,
They guide the world—while in their sleep.

Analysis of unbelief,
Shows affirmation in relief.

All storms will howl themselves to rest,
And truth will ever stand the test.

If faith doth triumph o'er the tomb,
Why cherish symbols of its gloom?

'Tis but a ruction of the brain,
And there he lies, in death self-slain.

Stop not to reason or to doubt,
Throw skeleton and closet out!

Like thoughtless youth, forgetful age,
Writes sadness on life's checkered page.

To put old heads on shoulders young,
Would not save scamps from being hung.

Now if your love is but a dream,
'Tis like old milk without the cream.

You'd better be a pauper lean,
Than fatten on the low and mean.

You'd better throw a dog a bone,
Than coldly strike him with a stone.

The good old days that used to be,
Are good because they're far away.

The rosy future that you seek,
May be a tear upon the cheek.

CHAPTER XIV

Race suicide is silly stuff
Of runts and scrubs we have enough.

Of making laws there is no end;
Their keeping we do not intend.

If all the writers wisdom wrote,
The world on waves of light would float.

The blackest little imp yet seen,
Crawls through your pipe in nicotine.

The little underhanded trick,
Shows minds as crooked as a stick.

The bottle sucker hopes to die,
Just floating out upon the rye.

The farmer's life is one of peace,
Plus labors hard that never cease.

To waste your time in vain pursuits,
Will never buy the babe his boots.

A woman scents a wrong at sight,
Wise man must halt, and doubt, and fight.

The church with prayer and music sweet,
Charms not the loafer on the street.

Some talks are like a jay bird's song,
We like them better short than long.

All those who hate without a cause,
Shall pay the price of hatred's laws.

If you were I, and I were you,
Some things would have another view.

To worship art, and nature scorn,
Proclaims a mind of balance shorn.

While evil shadows haunt thy way,
Be brave and true, and love and pray.

A youth in zeal discretion scorns;
In riper years his folly mourns.

A loving wife will loving stay,
If she can always have her way.

A loving husband, it is said,
Is one who's well and amply fed;

Yet, many well-fed dogs complain,
And try to break their kennel chain.

If God forsook this circling world,
With all the orbs around it hurl'd,

One hour, what wreck and crash there'd be,
And what the fate of you and me?

A costly tomb may point on high,
While but a cold and sculptured lie.

In every thing the quack appears,
To feed your vanity or fears.

CHAPTER XV

To shorten life and lengthen toil,
The foolish burn the midnight oil.

A mule will kick both foe and friend,
So do not risk his kicking end.

Extortion may in wages save,
But loses in its thriftless slave.

A man may preach so long and loud,
Until he deafens all his crowd.

All family fights and bitter stings,
Come forth from trifling little things.

The truth about the matter is,
His fault is yours, and your fault his.

Through all the days, and all the years,
Hold fast to this, the Father cares.

Now when a boy his ears doth cleanse,
He hath a girl among his friends.

Short weight and measure scant, called tare,
Are but a dirty thieving snare.

The saddest soul you ever saw,
May be your poor old mother-in-law.

The aching heart, the blinding tears,
Should drive you from your selfish cares.

With childish faith and manly mind,
The best in life you now will find.

Oh, cheapen not your common speech,
With oaths that nothing good can teach.

Hark not to fatalistic dreams,
For chance knows naught of savage schemes.

Love's pleasure is to freely give;
Deprived of this it cannot live.

The widow's sigh is not so keen,
As some poor wife's with husband mean.

An epicure his food adores,
And eats until he strains his pores.

All science doth this truth proclaim,
A lazy man is never game.

If you, a world all had your own,
Would you just serve or ride a throne?

The old lament their youthful joys.
The youth contemns the life of boys.

Possession and desire did race,
Possession fell and marred his face.

Divinest truth will fade away,
From eyes bedimmed with mortal clay.

CHAPTER XVI

Some men with gifts too small to name,
Have shaken hands to wealth or fame.

The fear of hell is not the thing,
To make a man a moral king.

This is no idle, senseless dream,
There's health and joy in prunes and cream.

A monkey grins; a parrot talks,
And that makes society folks.

The truest, sweetest thing on earth,
Is childish faith and love and mirth.

I love my dog, and he loves me,
And this I feel will last for aye.

Be temperate, and pure, and kind,
And life's great secret you will find.

The wisest man could never guess,
The pocket in a woman's dress.

Poor Martha with a thousand cares,
Hath naught to dry her lonely tears.

The bloody sacrifice alone,
For sin and folly can atone.

The better laws the solons make,
More eager seem the scamps to break.

As if they really had been there,
Some self-styled critics now declare,

That Shakespeare never wrote his plays,
And Milton stole his Paradise.

In these poor loons one plainly sees,
The crab that bit great Hercules!

More cheerful lie was ne'er evolved,
Than quilt half owned, is absolved.

Reformers strike with frantic rage;
Not always with the sense of sage.

You'd better learn to walk, my son,
Before you strain your nerves to run.

A sea of holy water pure,
Could never change an epicure.

Of all the evils in life's course,
There is no sorrow like remorse.

Don't tamper with your conscience, friend;
No human skill its wreck could mend.

Earth has no mockery like this:
A sissy man, or mannish sis!

Abaddon's cruel sword is drawn;
The blood of nations is the pawn.

Some folks are like a bumble bee,
They fuss and sting, but never pay.

That mortal man was never born,
Who feared a club, as much as scorn.

Where minds are short, and tongues are long,
The devil beats his loudest gong.

CHAPTER XVII

Kind deeds sweet odors leave behind,
To cheer the doer's noble mind.

The silent grave a home provides,
And many faults and follies hides.

The fat are soft and slow of pace;
The leanest dog may win the race.

A Solomon and Job in one,
Could not instruct a forward son.

If you do not your church obey,
You'd better change or clear the way.

To have thy way is not a proof,
That God doth dwell beneath thy roof.

If all were yours from shore to shore,
Without pure love you would be poor.

The wisest man that ever died,
His little follies could not hide.

A faith is cold and dead as stone,
When canned in verbal creed alone.

Beware of purely selfish prayers,
They cannot climb the golden stairs.

When cruel to a helpless beast,
The best in such a man has ceased.

Disloyal first, to God, then state,
Then everything of worth and weight.

Ill natured people are a blight,
That thrills the devil with delight.

A war of words, a fool's defense,
Without a grain of comon sense.

When women get the vote complete,
Old rum goes down in sure defeat.

On little shams and social lies,
The little minds to glory rise.

An honest man fears not the truth,
But knaves and frauds decry the sleuth.

The youth who sees his elder's wrong,
Is weakened where he should be strong.

The thoughts that travel thru' thy brain,
Will clear the mind or leave a stain.

Without a creed of some real kind,
How can you feed or guide the mind?

Let truth and love thy way proclaim,
And naught shall cause thee fear or shame.

Now, if your body is mature,
Eat less, and many ills you'll cure.

How many, now, the sod beneath,
Who dug their graves with greedy teeth?

Heraclitus shed tears galore;
Democritus smiled evermore? 3

If you could see beyond death's gate,
Your doubts would then evaporate.

Note 3—Democritus of Abdere, contemporary with Socrates, called the "laughing philosopher" beecause he made a jest of men's follies, sorrows and struggles. He is contrasted with Heraclitus, the 'weeping philosopher," who wept over almost everything.

CHAPTER XVIII

If self-conceit could make one great,
Such men would over-crowd the state.

The seeming only fades away,
The real endures for aye and aye.

If every Christian did his best,
The devil then would get no rest.

If women all their votes could cast,
The wish to do it would not last.

If loss of friends you now deplore,
Be true and kind and thus win more.

The fiery zealot has his use,
So long as men their weal abuse.

We blame the strong when they are weak,
The feeble scorn when strength they seek.

All strive to make the mother glad,
But not a word for poor old dad;

At last there comes the silent rest,
Remorse strews flowers o'er his breast.

When sickness comes and friends are gone,
You"ll think of much you might have done.

Of all the woes that pain the flesh,
Three fourth are from the supper dish.

There are three g's in household woe,
And they are garb, and gab and go.

Could there be sound more sweet and choice,
Than woman's kind and mellow voice?

'Tis said that men from monkeys came,
Then why have monkeys stayed the same?

But if your blood to jungles runs,
We'll not deny the ape his sons.

If youth were wise and age were strong,
All life would be a gladder song.

If each man had of wealth the same,
Right back 'twould go from whence it came.

A penny held against the eye,
Obstructs the sight, both far and nigh.

An angry man will act the fool,
Then scorn himself when passions sool.

In friends, a fault we scarce can see,
In foes no virtue can there be.

If you and I our merits had,
Would this, you think, just make us glad?

A hog, tobacco would not use,
And thence of course, a hog you'd choose.

Let not a thought pervert thy way,
To shroud with gloom thy dying day.

CHAPTER XIX

The voice of wisdom is not loud,
And fall unheeded on the crowd.

To say that men are all untrue,
Is just a lie, and nothing new.

If tears could wash our sins away,
We'd all a bath begin today.

The sweetest rose that ever grew,
Hath bath'd its petals in the dew.

No man can rise so great or high,
That he may pass the orphan's cry.

If all the good their graves were in,
This world would not be worth a pin.

The hostile ranks of jealous sects,
Of failure sad are sure index.

The fear of hell may check a sin,
But love alone, a life can win.

Some want so much that's not their own,
Their life is but a sick'ning groan.

If I, my wish in all things had,
I might, perhaps, make some one mad.

A mother's love will sweetly last,
When other loves have long since passed.

A meaner scamp could not be found,
Than he who sows discord around.

Of all the wars that men have fought,
How many sprang from righteous thought?

When might is right, then blood is spilled,
And men like brutes, by knaves are killed.

Before you drown your care in drink,
My son, just stop, and pray, and think.

There never was a heart so black,
But love could call its conscience back.

Some men are dull and stupid things,
Yet bold enough to censure kings.

The latest fashions on the plate,
May come from those the wearers hate.

The doctors now the kiss decry,
But thus shall not our rapture die.

All good advice will safely keep,
And find its way to rubbish heap.

All lands have Anacharsis Clootz, 4
Who stirs up strife with hellish plots.

Our courts a Talus sadly need, 5
To castigate the vicious breed.

Not one cure-all doth nature have,
To heal all sickness with one salve.

Instead of faulting every act,
Just seek the good with gracious tact.

Note 4—A name assumed by Baron Jean Baptiste Clootz, born at Cleves in 1755. He attempted to reform the human race, and traveled all over Europe denouncing Kings, Princes and Rulers, and even the Deity.

Note 5—A brazen man, made by Vulcan for Minos, to guard Crete. He ran around the Island of Crete administering warning and correction to offenders by flooring them with an iron flail. His invulnerable frame, resistless strength, and passionless nature typified the power which executes the decrees of justice and the mandates of magistrates.

One talent well and wisely used.
Outweighs a score that are abused.

The vicious think all goodness sham;
A halting virtue fit to damn.

The shallow mind is loud and vain,
And sneers at faith with high disdain.

Your brother's fault is no excuse,
Why you should fail and play the deuce.

The vow for "better or for worse,"
With some is bliss, with some a curse.

Dead follies from their graves are brought,
And scrub'd and rub'd and called "new thought."

A thousand ways the devil finds,
To lead astray the fickle minds.

The plainest fact that life doth preach
Hath height and depth you cannot reach.

Your logical analysis,
The simplest forms of truth may miss.

Great errors black as hell's deep night
Are clothed in heaven's raiment bright.

A social leader, O, how grand,
To head the hollow hearted band!

The happy fools more comfort get,
Than greatest sage with nervous fret.

If I had known, says Tom, too late,
I surely would have shut the gate;

And thus it is with every care,
Foresight is dim, hind sight is clear.

When age begins to leave its trace,
Proud woman calcimines her face.

Its weakest link and not its length,
At last will show the cable's strength.

A faith that ego magnifies,
Will win its way in human eyes.

On many farms this sign hangs high,
And they mean it: "root hog or die!"

The cackling hen that fails to lay,
Just sings a song that does not pay.

The road to hell is full of tramps;
A sorry lot of damaged scamps.

With scores of sects of every name,
The Christian faith is deep in shame.

But worse than that if worse can be,
The Christian fails his shame to see.

If words you lack for daily prayer,
Take these and use them everywhere:

Keep me, O God, this day from wrong,
And make me clean and kind and strong.

CHAPTER XXI

The critic's unproductive brain,
Is but destructive force in pain.

Some people splurge with subtle skill,
And leave their friends to pay the bill.

No matter what his speech or song,
The brute in man is fierce and strong.

To dream of truth's triumphant tread,
Without good works your faith is dead.

Soft words, just simple, sweet and kind,
Are rich and priceless things you'll find.

A sland'rous tongue doth poison drop,
And death alone that tongue can stop.

Men strive for greater length of days,
Instead of wiser, better ways.

My son, no bonds or wealth or gold,
Will cheer a wasted life, when old.

The roses on a woman's cheek,
Of nature strong, or art do speak.

If love could realize its dream,
Domestic bliss would reign supreme.

Too little church and too much lodge,
And all religion gets the dodge.

The soul that shuns the house of prayer
Will sink, at last, in dark despair.

A conscience twisted out of shape,
Is but a peg for moral crape.

All men would like to heaven go,
If they could take some things below.

To doubt the good and trust the bad,
To lurid ruin leads the lad.

The postulation of the heart,
Writes faith above despairing art.

If dust and ashes end it all,
Then faith and hope and love are gall.

The cleanest bodies sometimes hold,
A soul that rots in stink and mould.

A thousand warning voices loud,
Would fail to reach you throu' a shroud.

The liar has a forked tongue,
And some folks think, an extra lung.

The rich man's fear is future need,
The poor man's dread is present greed.

The greatest sinner may repent,
And keep the road he always went.

If your religion's all for show,
Your name is on the list below.

To beat the devil with his tools,
Is but the folly of the fools.

CHAPTER XXII

Not only tears, but smiles as well,
A soul's great sacrifice may tell.

If all this world would stop its lies,
Then trust would brighten many skies.

With good intentions old and new,
Damnation's road is paved all through.

All hist'ry writes it large and plain,
Most wars are waged for greed and gain.

A faith that chills a kindly heart,
Is but a trick of Satan's art.

To serve the devil all your days,
Will not, at last, reach peaceful ways.

If thy sweet friend has gone to rest,
Why moan the fate that heaven blest?

To leave undone, or do the wrong,
Ensnares a part of every throng.

The devil quoted scripture well,
And thus the tritest truths could tell.

While giving Caesar all his own,
Remember there's a higher throne.

A selfish love can brook no slight,
Its wants must come, or else a fight.

If all your prayers received a yea,
You'd soon command both land and sea.

Self praise is vanity's delight,
And many gentle souls doth blight.

Your love for God may be sincere;
And yet, do you abide his care?

The martyrs suffered rack and shame,
Have you the faith to do the same?

Great strife o'er trifling little things,
May blind a soul and break its wings.

No pious sect was ever born,
Without a Balaam and his horn.

The poor who strive to vie with rich,
Will find their goal down in the ditch.

Our brother's fault we may forget,
When we are caught in the same net.

The source of peace is from within,
And not the world's poor sham and din.

Men scorn the truth of heaven's Lord,
And gamble on a gypsy's word.

With all its bright and hopeful scenes,
Some souls forget what Christmas means.

In war the hero bravely dies,
At home he falls before mince pies.

CHAPTER XXIII

Without a form; without a creed;
How will you teach the soul its need?

We see great socialistic schemes,
Lead men away from truth to dreams.

In every tribe and every clan,
The runt you'll find from pig to man.

The mother mourns her wayward son,
Who scorns her tears to have his fun.

With "middle men" our trade is curst;
Of business foes he is the worst.

If parents true religion taught,
The straying sheep would soon be caught.

If germs in every thing exist,
What's hurt, if germ by germ is kissed?

The sons of wealth who take their ease,
Are seldon worth a peck of peas.

Fair opportunity doth climb,
And bloom upon the stalk of time.

The flower swiftly fades away;
The stalk outlives the bloom's decay.

Boast not the "mill of God grinds slow;"
For you at last, must through it go.

The parasite may be a curse;
Some times it feeds on things much worse.

A woman with a social fad,
Makes all her neighbors very sad.

The fear of ghosts is in us all,
Who never saw a ghostly pall.

The politician changes oft,
To find a place both sure and soft.

All human love its limits find,
When bow'd before ungrateful mind.

How oft with rich plebean bride,
The titled beggar saves his hide;

She pays the gambling debt he owes,
And straightway to the devil goes.

Unvarnished truth, tho' hard and keen,
Alone will kill the low and mean.

If every thing will go their way,
Some folks will sweetly smile all day.

A loafer works his mouth all day,
And for his wisdom gets no pay.

Short cuts to heaven or to health,
Are like a beggar's dream of wealth.

CHAPTER XXIV

The bachelor's life is lone and drear,
Without an Eve to guide and cheer.

A wicked lie, like fadeless ink,
Into the soul doth changeless sink.

The pretty men contempt excite,
As would a poor hermaphrodite.

Because you're strong and well today,
Do not forget your brittle clay.

No honest work can e'er degrade;
By it the noblest men are made.

Take not advantage of your sex,
Poor helpless man to grieve and vex.

For love that's pure and kind and sweet,
No sacrifice will be too great.

A cigarette—a coffin nail;
A fiend, dull eyed and sad and pale.

You cannot serve your land or God,
And play the game of old "tight wad."

To starve your soul and stuff your skin,
Is playing in the devil's bin.

The patience of the Lord is great,
Else what would be the sinner's fate?

From wealth and ease we seldom hear
The voice of wisdom strong and clear.

Your pride may seem an asset great,
And wreck, at last, your fickle state.

When frost doth cover every pew,
What can the preacher say or do?

For death they think is far away,
And God they do not need today.

The force of habit all doth bind,
The great as well as little mind.

Do not impose upon your friend,
And bring his patience to an end.

Since having nothing else beside,
A fool may stand upon his pride.

My son, beware the gambler's den,
'Tis but a morgue for self-slain men.

Great waste and want go hand in hand,
Where thrift and plenty should command.

Just like the wife of Mister Lott,
You sometimes look where you ought not.

The foolish gossips never think,
How near they stand to ruin's brink.

When simple trust and love decay,
The joy bird's song then dies away.

To air your family faults in court,
Is sure to stir some nasty dirt.

Example more our lives doth rule,
Than all the wisdom of the school.

Good health, by far, is greater worth,
Than all the gold upon this earth;

And yet you may may, from day to day,
Let all this precious wealth decay.

CHAPTER XXV

In any thought or deed that's done,
What is there new beneath the sun?

The sweetest song, it must be said,
Was from the bird that now is dead.

The foolish pray for easy life,
Instead of strength to meet it's strife.

The university of fools
Is much the best of human schools. *

Great thieves may fatten on the state;
While little ones must expiate.

For transcient fame or sorded pelf,
We seek reform in all but self.

That office is a public trust,
Some statesmen think, means get the "dust."

A cruel man the good despise;
His mem'ry rots before he dies.

One half of this bad world at least,
Upon the other half doth feast;

From weak and foolish toll they take
In spite of honor's noble sake.

The love of wealth and wealth's display
Is shaming all—but you and me.

If love divine your heart doth fill,
You'll never lie, or cheat, or kill.

Pure love is not for merchandise,
Nor seeks its price from lustful eyes.

The man at home the tyrant reigns,
Deserves the hatred that he gains.

If civic pride from sham were torn,
Religion of vain pretense shorn,

What would we have for glory's booth
To deck the skeleton of truth?

A broken faith will shed its gloom,
Around your path unto the tomb.

A woman more for love will lie,
Than all the gold beneath the sky.

A man for gold more crime will do,
Than forty women ever knew.

They sell the farm, to town they go,
To share their fate with want and woe.

The school of trial all would shun;
Without it not a triumph won.

In proud and selfish souls is born,
The weapon known as human scorn;

The fool its use doth magnify,
To parry truth or shield a lie.

The man who takes all things for pelf,
Has lived too much within himself.

One man might live a hundred years,
And die without regret or tears;

Another young, may fall asleep,
And all the nation bends to weep.

The first one lived for selfish ends;
The latter made all men his friends.

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*School of experience.

CHAPTER XXVI

If all things were to suit your mind,
The chances are you'd be unkind,

To serve the Lord, all ways are free,
And yet, not one can some folks see.

A man may seem as good as pie,
And yet, may have a selfish eye.

Oh, why does graft in all things grow?
Because the people will it so.

If wealth your life and strength could save,
Then wealth would be the thing to crave.

Some saints that have been canonized,
If they knew it would be surprised.

The cup of grief may triffing seem,
Until your lips must drink the same.

The women all have angel's looks,
And men are kings in silly books.

Your faith without your work is dead,
Is true of spirit and of bread.

If all the jolly fools were slain,
No fun or profit would remain.

There are three things that vilely hiss:
A man, a serpent and a goose.

As kites against the wind do fly,
Opposing force the soul doth try.

Remove thy beam, to be exact,
If thou thy brother's mote extract.

Before I'd wed an empty fop,
I'd work at home or in the shop.

When figs or grapes on thistles grow,
Pure love the lecher then will know.

A warning wise and very sure,
Is every pain you must endure.

By needless want are many stung,
Who stop the spicket, not the bung.

May not the key to health be found,
Where kitchen physic we compound?

The strongest force in earthly things,
Is solar ray on silent wings.

My son, look out for selfish pride,
It's up and down with every tide.

Behold the tallow faced anaemics,
Rebuild a race with eugenics!

Who knows his road to ruin leads,
And changes not, great weakness pleads.

A little love more good will do,
Than all the crowing ever crew.

CHAPTER XXVII

The strongest man is weak somewhere;
The brightest mind not always clear.

An honest man is hard to find,
When he who seeks is not that kind.

Where one man steals from fate's abuse,
Ten thousand steal without excuse.

For every gander on the green,
The dauntless waiting goose is seen.

The doubting Thomas stands around,
And tells of things he never found.

To live for self, and self alone,
Is like a hungry dog and bone.

When fate would art and nature rob,
She addles brains and makes a snob.

If truth you have and tell it not,
Your life is but a barren plot.

The golden calf is yet adored;
The worldling has no other Lord.

O, what is fame but folly's knife,
To slay the soul with fruitless strife!

A dirty tramp may loathsome be,
Yet, others' faults in him we see.

Get up, and stop your lazy whine,
And then your job will start a shine.

To wear a politician's shirt,
Prepare to eat a ton of dirt.

From mother's prayers to father's bets
A baby all the house upsets.

My son, wild oats are Satan's crop,
Where once they grow they seldom stop.

To make the devils smile below,
There's nothing beats a family row.

To ape the rich the poor doth try,
To ape the poor the rich doth sigh.

If woman rules the home and hearth,
Why is her vote of nothing worth?

If honeymoons could be preserved,
Domestic bliss would be conserved.

If all the lies that lovers make,
Were turn'd to pounds, oh, what a stake!

Alas, for hate! his hopes all die;
His friends in hell, his foes on high.

CHAPTER XXVIII

What greater glory could you gain,
Than dry a tear, or sooth a pain?

No whale will ever feel his hook,
Who bates for minnows in a brook.

The man who thinks great wisdom his,
Reminds us of a soda fizz.

Self-pity poisons every thought,
And brings the sanest mind to naught.

Immortal life we all desire,
Yet, of its laws we quickly tire.

Just as a garden, not its weeds,
We love the bad, but not their deeds.

A little graft, just now and then,
Is relished by the shrewdest men.

To teach another how to live,
A good example you must give.

When bigness meets greatness' demand,
Then bigness for greatness may stand.

The dollar chasers first go mad,
Then die, and leave the god they had.

The clothes you wear will not conceal,
Quite all the things you do and feel.

The wrong you've missed, the good you've had,
Should make you thankful, kind and glad.

The widow's sigh, the orphan's tear,
Will make us kind, or make us fear.

The man who says the church is cool,
Is thinking in the terms of pool.

A dying bed is very sad,
For one who's life has all been bad.

No physical contortions vain,
Can make the mind's abortions sane.

Write this down plain, and write it deep:
That which you sow, the same you'll reap.

When passion blurs your better sense,
Don't blame another in defense.

This truth prosperity doth tell,
I make one grow, a thousand swell.

If faith, and love and truth are yours,
You're richer than all out of doors.

No pies are like those mother made;
But this to wife must not be said;

She does the very best she can,
From baby's clothes to frying pan.

The hottest place far down below,
Is where the liars all must go.

Between a liar and a thief,
We'd choose the latter with relief.

The sunny souls the shadows chase,
And spread their sweet and tender grace.

The thing that fills us with dismay,
Is rag time tunes where men should pray.

CHAPTER XXIX

The law of righteousness, my friend,
Is not annuled when you offend.

A vile pseudologist is he,
Who says that virtue binds the free.

If lonely, dessolate and sad,
Go seek to make another glad.

To love your neighbor as you ought,
Is highest ethics ever taught.

The stoic is a pompous loon,
Whose fall from grace is coming soon.

Beat not a drum for thy kind acts,
The angels will record the facts.

Of all the beasts that man controls,
The faithful dog is nearest souls.

If you his laws should over-ride,
Think not that God is on your side;

And this of nations is as true
As all the things that persons do.

The beauty blooming from good health
Exhibits nature's greatest wealth.

How many men that serve the state,
Are lost in the seats of the great!

If all from evil thoughts were free,
How sweet and bright this world would be

Chide not thy friend with hasty words,
For bitter tongues are worse than swords.

To judge from many an ancient tale,
Monogony in man is frail.

Poor Lo, is vanishing away;
The white man's vices brought decay.

The rich man's death we sadly find,
Is naught, to what he left behind.

Plumb pudding is, I will be bound,
The rankest heresy yet found.

With nine tough lives the cat we blame;
Some evil men may have the same.

The neighbors sometimes wish a rest,
From mother's darling and her best.

From mighty worlds that 'round him swing,
To dust that guilds the beetle's wing,

There's not a thing from mite to man,
But fills a place in God's great plan.

CHAPTER XXX

A pauper's grave is thought a curse,
A wealthy scamp's is vastly worse.

When goods increase, O soul beware,
Lest thou forget that God is near.

Religion is a blessed gift,
When free of sham and show and shift.

If life is dull, and time is bleak;
Your mental works have sprung a leak.

How many men their souls have wrecked,
To damn a church or make a sect.

The bigot is a shallow fool,
Who teaches in the devil's school.

The lust for wealth, and strife for fame,
Too often end in mortal shame.

A normal man might live in ease,
On kisses and—some bread and cheese.

If Jesus died the world to win.
Love must be greater than all sin.

The one who talks about himself,
Beats all the fossils on the shelf.

Your neighbor's love you cannot win
By dwelling on his every sin.

An airy parson may feel wise,
But you can find his mental size.

Remember this, ill gotten gain,
May come with ease, but goes with pain.

Let not the beast your love control,
'Til passion's canker eats your soul.

When youth, for age, shows disrespect,
'Tis but a sad entailed neglect.

The slayer's hands are red with gore;
And red they'll stay forever more.

God hunter's everywhere you'll find,
Each seeking one of his own kind.

Aeonic woe in lowest hell,
The traitor's guilt, may not dispell.

A rut is just a little hole,
Where failure lurks for young and old.

Poor Mister Blank missed church today,
Because his wife at home would stay;

But Mister Blank will go elsewhere,
Without his wife—without a fear!

The quacks who dose, and quacks who teach,
Cannot out-quack the quacks who preach.

A pedigree as long as time,
Will not hypothecate a dime.

If every language I could rob,
I never could describe a snob.

Much science is a feeble guess,
To ease the mind of doubt s distress.

The greatest tonic ever made,
For torpid liver is a spade.

Don't try to ape the rich man's way,
He only laughs at your display.

To make your life a howling waste,
Despise the good and kind and chaste.

Through building sects of "holy stuff,"
The world has grown both hard and tough.

If you would know a peace divine,
Don't fuss, or cuss, or snore or whine.

CHAPTER XXXI.

What comfort hath repentance found,
When contrite o'er an earthen mound?

Two sides to every question be,
Though you and I but one can see.

When you forgive the one you wrong,
You rise above the common throng.

Self-mastery all else excells,
Through highest force which it impells.

When only faults engage the view,
An introspection then is due.

That figures do not lie, regard;
Also, that liars figure hard.

Religion, like our Sunday clothes;
Is often used for specail shows.

Some folks have scal'd the mountains great,
Then fell o'er straws at vict'ry's gate.

Ten wrinkles on the face you'll find,
Are better than one in the mind.

When men and women cease to pray,
The best within will soon decay;

I tell you this because 'tis true,
And not, alas, because 'tis new.

Diseases countless we promote,
With needless things that pass the throat.

Scorn'd opportunities may bring,
A bitter unrelenting sting.

From gutter snipe to mighty king,
Some graft you'll find in every thing.

What stacks of trash, now obsolete,
Bound ancient minds to folly's feet.

Plain speech on morals now-a-days,
Suits not the worldling's doubtful ways.

My son, a noble woman's love,
Esteem all earthly things above.

A selfish incongruity,
Runs mad for superfluity.

Your hope of heaven may be strong,
But you had better move along.

The dying thief repentance found,
But that is not your trusting ground.

The bigot proud, scant truth can know;
From hate and greed no love can flow.

Fret not thyself in useless ways,
And spoil and shorten all thy days.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The girl who sews, and cleans, and cooks,
Is not the model in the books;

And yet, she is the saving grace,
That makes the home a living place.

If eating meat the cancer makes,
You'd better dodge those tough old steaks.

A begger's life seems very sad;
And yet, how little makes him glad.

The rainbow's end with bags of gold,
Some men have sought, since days of old.

The common neutral's normal mood,
Is brother twin of nothing good.

Good liquor now is hard to get;
I hope it will be harder yet.

Converted rakes and tough old bums,
Do love to beat salvation drums.

The youthful mind paints vernal scenes,
With onions new and turnip greens.

There's not a grain of truth or sense,
In any form of rum's defense.

The doctor's drugs we all expect,
To overcome our sad neglect.

Decaying teeth pollute the breath,
And make a smell like unto death.

If loving kindness had its way,
We'd have no fear of judgement day.

To violate a promise made,
The moral vigor will degrade.

Drink water by the quart each day,
It helps to keep disease away.

A small offence; a little pain;
They never speak; what do they gain?

Ten thousand monks in countless years,
Seem not to get beyond their fears.

Ten thousand monks could not produce,
For such a life, a good excuse.

An anvil or a hammer be,
And not a dead limb on a tree.

There's not a thing worth common straw,
Not hedged about with righteous law.

For every step of progress won,
Unselfish souls the work begun.

Just talk and squirt tobacco juice,
And soon your job will turn you loose.

The milk of love to nourish youth;
And manhood's strength, the meat of truth

The fatal word, the deathless deed,
May bring the soul to hopeless need.

To editors, so sadly bored,
"The pen is mightier than the sword."

But imps and men the law defy,
While stars, and worlds, and suns obey.

How many broken hearts are hid,
Beneath the somber coffin lid.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A liar's soul is like a sieve,
It holdeth naught that truth can give.

The little grafters feed the big,
Who came from just that kind of pig.

If other's wealth was fadeless pitch,
How many hands for it would itch?

Men boast of business big and great,
Which sacred rights do violate.

The wrath of God and man doth damn
The lying sneak, the fraud, the sham.

The wings of wealth are swift and strong,
And fly from good as well as wrong.

Don't tell us what your friend should do,
Without a model set by you.

Bad manners in the house of God,
Are proof that parents spared the rod.

How many souls with lustre shine,
Who's ways know not the law divine.

We seek the truth, we proudly say,
Until—it leads from self away.

My son, this life is not a joke;
To win, means drive or wear the yoke.

A faith that falsehood must defend,
At last, in falsehood finds its end.

Hath Mammon's temples cross crowned
spires,
That point to God with chaste desires?

That which you serve with constant care,
Is just the God you love or fear.

Wait not for help or heaven's grace,
'Til death doth stare you in the face.

Be patient, kind, and ever true,
And this will sweeten life all through.

Whatever else you may ignore,
Heed this great truth, I do implore:

When yon address the Throne of Grace,
You pass beyond the common place.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A wall as high as Heaven's gate,
Excludes the soul that feeds on hate.

Self love all other love exceeds,
And makes us scorn our neighbors needs.

Converted sinners may be found,
Who turned so hard, they turned around.

'Tis not enough the truth to know,
Its fruit your heart must daily show.

Men seek to know and vainly search,
Wherein fine buildings make a church.

No matter what you wish or dread,
God's truth will stand when you are dead.

To fight results and leave the cause,
Will contravene all nature's laws.

A thousand books; a perfect school,
Cannot put wisdom in a fool.

Like money on dead begger's eyes,
Belated kindness mocks the wise.

Your life to you may seem correct,
While many duties you neglect.

Just follow nature, kind and pure,
And you will find her safe and sure.

Some folks can talk all through the day,
Without a lucid thing to say.

The hypocrite forgets his tears,
When the collection box appears.

Salvation free, may still be had;
The good must pay to save the bad.

No unbelief has made you sin,
'Tis just a devilish trait within.

If love of men you wish to win,
Great loving kindness now begin.

The slacker saves his worthless skin,
But walks no more with noble men.

The girls are brave and full of fight,
And help the cause with all their might.

A shriveled heart and swollen head,
Scorns both the living and the dead.

The wrong you do another soul,
Is measured back a hundred fold.

The man who lies about the dead,
Would surely steal an orphan's bread.

CHAPTER XXXV.

For laggard faith or zealous gains,
The test of Gamaliel remains *

To dizzy heights the eagle flies;
The buzzard also cleaves the skies.

Impatience with a simple fool,
Just shows a mind unfit to rule.

All human sweetness fades awey,
As loving kindness shows decay.

One little corn, one little toe,
May fill a mind with lonesome woe.

The pharisee still struts around.
And tries to hide his faults in sound.

Self praise is mediocre's plaint,
And not the note of sage or saint.

When pigmies sit in giants chairs,
The noblest couse is met with sneers.

Great things may not your race defeat
While little ones may trip your feet.

More die from autoseptic fears,
Than grinding toil, or goading cares.

Some fail and fall by rule and rote,
While others win just like a goat.

It does not pay to be exact,
Unless you're wise with boundless tact.

Top heavy men, as well as light,
Are often crooked in their sight.

The haughty little mind seeks show,
While greatness meekly bows down low.

Pile Ossa on old Pelian's head,
Then tell us why some people wed.

*Acts 5:38-39.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The shortest chapter in the book,
May hold the gem for which we look.

Beware the trouble dodger's fate,
He hit the fence, and missed the gate.

Without a crowd some cannot pray,
Or see a trace of Heaven's way.

The seeds of thought are deathless things,
That fill the life with joy and stings.

Than braver scamp who makes her weep,
A woman hates a coward cheap.

The most expensive thing we own,
Is vanity upon its throne.

A speaker's tongue may charm your ear,
With stuff as light as foam on beer.

Where reason fails to help the chase,
The cunning instinct takes its place.

Some people's prayers would wreck God's throne,
If answered as they wish them done.

Now when you feel a painful touch,
The chances are you ate too much.

A woman's love may sweeten life,
Or fill your soul with hellish strife.

Too deep for noise, a grief may run,
And silence prove a victory won.

The brightest mind in any school,
Will often sink to that of fool.

If out of sight you're out of mind,
Another friend you'd better find.

Until they face the yawning sod,
Some trust the dollar more than God.

No scheme can save your soul my friend,
Unless it helps your life to mend.

Just advertise and puff it high,
And any fraud the folks will buy.

The men who live to ages great,
Owe more to hunger than to meat.

Pure love with gold cannot be bought,
Though men for ages this have sought.

Contention that is calm and kind,
Disarms the rage that's harsh and blind.

From pious cranks who love to fuss,
Good Lord, we pray, deliver us!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A narrow slip in life's great game,
Has lost to some the wreath of fame.

How many foolish men are hung,
For loss of temper and of tongue.

Unless the flame of love is fed,
You soon will find it cold and dead.

Not only tears, but smiles as well,
A soul's great sacrifice may tell.

The brighest minds to stuper sink,
Beneath a load of meat and drink.

When you approach the throne of grace,
You pass beyond the common place.

A little fish may stir the pool,
But in the lake, its just a fool.

When selfishness its goal doth gain,
No faith or love can bear the strain.

Oh, how the earth worms squirm about,
And think they're on the heavenly route!

If their religion makes them sweet,
What ails so many folks we meet?

The mighty God himself denies,
That He will have the soul that lies.

A preacher's dullness, it is true,
May come from dullness in the pew.

The starting point of every sin,
Is when you let the tempter in.

The second sober thought is best,
And often saves the sore distressed.

The anodyne for every grief,
Is love divine will bring relief.

A few soft words, a little praise,
Will cheer the way for many days.

Just squeeze its egotism out,
And human pride is but a clout.

No righteous law this truth defeats,
The human heart loves stolen sweets.

The discontentented spirit chills,
Makes selfish hearts and weakened wills.

The grandest home that you can find,
Is not of stone or wood of any kind,

But where the loving spirits live,
And heart to heart its best doth give.

If asked the price of love, I'd say,
A price the selfish will not pay.

Veneered with gold, a man is great,
But peel it off, and damn his fate.

Some maids will marry if they can,
Just any likeness of a man;

And those who wed with such excuse,
Will soon be wishing they were loose.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

For every hen-pecked man, I vow,
There are a score who like a row.

To live in fear of unseen foes,
Is one of life's most trying woes.

This all depends on th' point of view,
Remarked the lobster in the stew.

For you, her wiles may seem all right,
But for another black as night.

A lie may hurt, but does not kill,
According to the liar's will.

More men have died from over feed,
Than all the famines could exceed.

The census list would shrink a sight,
If all the rogues were hung tonight.

Think not your grief and pain the worst,
That ever poor, weak mortal curst.

How many souls as good and true,
Have suffered more than even you?

The dream is like the dreamer true,
The things he could, he would not do.

You must all truth and wisdom scorn,
To say that men are equal born.

The child that always has its way,
Will rend its mother's heart some day.

With fatal pains and mortal aches,
The doctor buries his mistakes.

You could not check with active spade,
The kitchen spoon, with wasteful maid.

A lazy woman has a fit,
When asked to work a little bit;

A lazy man, just walks away,
And softly lisps, some other day.

"This world is all a hollow show,"
And fools and knaves have made it so.

The gambler's broken fortunes mend,
When greenhorns walk into his den.

The line between the wrong and right,
Is plain as that of day and night.

Oh, bring no wreaths or roses near,
Just wait and lay them on his bier.

A "hard luck" story may be true,
But worthy one are very few.

The deepest things our science knows,
Are like the mist the tempest blows.

Beyond the final stretch of time;
Beyond the circling worlds sublime;

Beyond the boundless fields of space,
Where flaming comets end their race;

Beyond the utmost flight of thought,
Are mighty wonders God hath wrought;

But hath He done a greater thing,
Than paint the butterfiy's bright wing?

TO ACEPHALOSTOMUS

Maximus Theopitus assails the unbelief of Lucio Acephalostomus, a shallow minded worldling.

Refrain, thou simple babbling loon;
Thy silly jargon is but chaff,
And all thy thoughts are out of tune,
And thou no wiser than a calf.

Let silence chain that tongue of thine,
And proper meekness claim thy class.
Nor dare reproach the One divine,
Thou swiftly with'ring blade of grass.

What knowest thou of science vast,
And mighty truth, so deep and dark?
Can'st thou, thy little taper cast,
O'er God Himself, thou flick'ring spark?

Above His circling worlds enthron'd;
The first, the last, eternal One;
By countless billions gladly own'd;
His will by countless billions done.

And thou art prancing, little flea,
Within the hollow of His hand;
Inflated with thy vanity,
Wouldst thou this awful One command?

Wouldst thou, O sickly spawn of time,
Thy brazen front protrude on high,
And to thy folly add a crime,
And God, His very throne deny?

Pray tell us and thy wisdom show,
Who makes the rose so bright and red,
The lily white as Alpine snow,
And each a diff'rent odor shed?

And one so wise as thou shouldst know,
And knowledge thou must never hide,
Then tell us please, how trees do grow
From outer part, or inner side?

Why do the feathers grow on geese,
And only wool on backs of sheep?

Why is it wheels must all have greese,
And fools wise council never keep?

Why do the weeds thy garden take,
And good things die from thy neglect?
Why does the sun the radish bake,
And make the thistle stand erect?

And why does ice congeal with cold?
And why is heat so fierce and strong?
And why is virtue's worth untold?
Why are some men forever wrong?

Why do small vines great mellons grow,
Then fade and die of swift decay,
While giant oaks but acorns throw,
And often live a century?

Why do not figs on thistles show?
Why do the thorns no grapes produce?
Why do the liquids downward flow,
And seek their level when let loose?

Why does the eyelid rest in sleep,
The heart its beating never stop?
Why does the ivy always creep,
And kittens walk and rabbits hop?

Oh, why are things just as they are,
And not arrang'd some other way?
Why is the near not as the far?
Why is the night not as the day?

Why does the ass not chew a cud?
Why does the wolf not leave his fleas?
Why do the eels not leave the mud?
Why do the fish not roost in trees?

Oh, why is wealth so hard to keep,
With seekers for it everywhere?
Why do some men a harvest reap,
Who never sowed a single ear?

Why was the salt put in the sea,
And other waters left without?
It seems so strange that this should be—
Say, did the blessed salt give out?

How do electric currents fly?
From whence they come, where do they go?
Who turned them loose in earth and sky,
And what their essence, if you know?

Yes, man may hitch them to his wheel,
And swiftly drive his clumsy car;
He chains them to his tools of steel
And ploughs the water, earth and air.

Around the world he sends his thought
Upon these liquid wings of fire;
And yet, does he, poor child, know aught
Except they're carried on the wire?

Why do some men pretend to know,
So much about all cosmic life,
While not a reason can they show,
Why such as they should have a wife?

Why does the dog all liquids lap?
Why does the pig drink just like man?
Why is vain talk always on tap,
And cowards never in the van?

Why is the husk worth more than corn
To every worldly swinish heart?
Why does the fool that blows his horn
Think of himself as being smart?

What knowest thou, oh fleeting breath,
Of life in its most simple form?
Canst thou, a germ, unmask grim death,
And fathom nature's calm and storm?

Canst thou with thy unerring skill,
Pour light on every riddle deep,
Of human body, mind, and will;
Of conscious life, and death-like sleep?

Canst thou the ocean's depths explore,
And tear their secrets from their grave,
And chase the winds from shore to shore,
And find who guides the tidal wave?

Canst thou in lucid thought unite,
All hours of the day and year;
The stars that gem the robe of night;
The budding spring, the Autumn sere;

The night that curtains nature's face;
The meadows decked with fragrant bloom;
The mountains wrapt in snow and ice;
The life that sleeps in winter's tomb?

Canst thou the modus comprehend,
Of matter's union with the mind,
And draw a line where instincts end,
And reason's utmost scope define?

Canst thou by shallow methods bold,
And narrow, sordid passions blind,
Forever scoff away the soul,
As but a phantom of the mind?

Because thou hast bedim'd thy sight,
And desolation swept thy course,
Wouldst thou, in futile rage and fright
All goodness damn, and scorn its source?

Because the tares grow in the wheat;
Because the sheep are with the goats;
Because the hypocrite will cheat,
And critics never see their motes.

Are all alike, the false and true?
Is there no black? Is there no white?
No matter what men say or do
Is there no good? Is there no right?

You say that man from monkey came,
His meanness kept, but lost his tail;
Then why are monkeys still the same,
Though man has left his jungle trail?

Thy cav'ling cease, and get thee hence,
With all thy dev'lish doubt defiled,
There is more life, and joy, and sense,
In th' laughter of a little child.

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